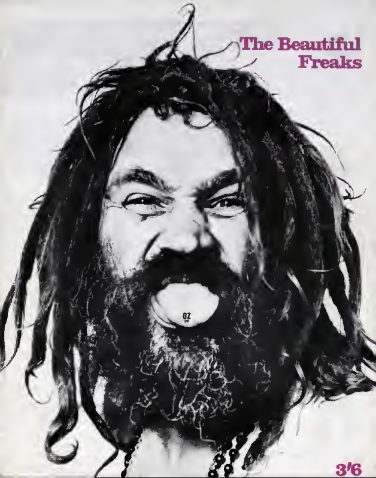


**The Beautiful
Freaks**





LEE....

Others types a time, Lee was drafted to Korea and the most soldiers, was killed in action. He was shipped back home to California where a kindly old lady gave him a half-singapore bar of life. He was re-born in one of Sgt. Propper's Band, joining Lucy and a million others who, in that sparkling summer of 1967, overflowed into public parks, glossy magazines and each other's arms.

Towards the end of 1967, he left California for India, where the Brothers of Eternal Love had told him he would find his guru.

"In Hong Kong I bought some glowing rock, the poorest thing in the world. It is very rare. Even over a period of 21 days it is like taking acid, only a body purifier as well. It glows in the night. The guy in the shop didn't think I had enough money for it. I went next door, which looked like it hadn't had no customers for about 20 years. They had it for 250 dollars. I went to the bank, and when I got back to the room, the whole family was waiting to see me buy the stuff. It was in a tin box, inside the tin box was another old, wooden one, and inside that were about thirty long sticks. When I opened the box in Calcutta, everyone in the hotel started crying. You know "I got a rich mother," and all that. Next thing I knew I was down to one place. When I got to Kathmandu I had to camp outside the town. There was a Danish photographer there taking pictures, so I showed him my glowing rock and Indian statue I had. I left the box open when I went to show him around the camp and when I got back, the kids had broken the rock up into little pieces and passed it round. It blew my mind. All gone, and I didn't get to see a single piece."

In Kathmandu, Lee spent his days in the Blue Tibetan restaurant, playing his records, mused out of his mind on Governmental rubbish, and paying his friends' bills. His attempt to start a commune ended when he was put on a bus and dumped at the Indian border.

"The Times" 10 December 1967

"Kathmandu - a hippy camp at Chalkhill, a mountain village 25 miles from here on the Kathmandu-Tibet Highway, has been dominated by the Nepal police. They are and to have deported the camp-leader and warned others to leave the country soon. The camp was to have become an international temple for the hippy cult. It had been decorated with photographs of King Mahendra and Queen Sita, but these proved of no avail against police action."

In Kabul, Lee heard that the Pope had gone on TV in America sitting for poets and decided to go to Rome with his friend Paolo to give him "everything that the camp represented - all the art work, the poems, the souvenirs. Duddies, shirts, socks, a teddy..." but the Brothers of Eternal Love saw 250 cops at Blue Cheese in the port. Lee held a Christmas acid party for 150 guests, and the Pope was forgotten. Along the Post Trail, his party was the most talked about social event of the year. In Copenhagen, where he had gone to spend the rest of the winter with friends, he was caught trying to avoid the queues of customs officials, tore up all his money, and was put on a plane to Switzerland.

In Paris, he passed his hotel room psychodelfically and was thrown out. He bought a cat, spiked it with fluorescent paint and was then arrested for having no license or insurance. Harshden, Chalkhill, Marmitech (see OE 15 where we met Lee after his Christmas Eve love in) where Moroccan police discovered he had no passport ("I was the happiest man in the world without this thing. The Post Office gave me my mail and the bank cashed my cheques.") and Lee was sent to Chalkhill ("... they put handcuffs on me and I spent the next two hours in the back of a car being tormented with cigarettes. They beat me with fists, pulled out bits of my beard and kept giving me shots in the ribs. It was a bus trip all the way to the central police station at Chalkhill.") Lee refused a passport or repatriation. The Loving Theatres tried to help, but eventually, faced with the alternative of spending the rest of his life in a Moroccan jail, accepted a passport only to find that the authorities at Ceuta, the Spanish enclave on the North African coast would not let him through the border. "For 21 days I was in a piece of someone's land, shaped like a crucifixion... one day the Spanish guards beat me up, and I returned to the village between the borders where they make the killing boats. I had been crying and one of the men made mistakes as if to say "What's wrong?" I pointed to the Spanish guards, and unburdened my pants to show him my thigh which was red. Later it turned black and blue. I made a motion for food by putting my hand up to my mouth and hearing a few words of Arabic. Three Spanish cops got upset about it and made a protest to the guards about beating me up."

That afternoon a waiter from the restaurant showed up and said "Where's the Arabians?" They had this four course dinner for me on a big tray, all kinds of food. Later that night I walked into Morocco to a little village and had supper and some lift. When I got back I found another dinner waiting for me that the Spanish guards had brought me. They had been looking all over for me. That day I really had food."

IN THE SKY WITH DIAMONDS

Back in Paris, he managed to get a room for one night, by wrapping his head up in a towel and pretending to be ill, but otherwise found himself relegated to gutters and suburban churchyards. London, since his arrival three months ago, he has found more sympathetic. He was told not to play his record player in Hyde Park, was photographed at a window of the 144 Piccadilly's apartment as a 'defiant hippie, symbolically total rejection of society', and he found the attractions at the Isle of Wight 'terrifying'. 'There's no way I can express my feeling for what I see out there. It really is a message, a spiritual message.'

But not everyone received it. October '68:

'A very good friend from the other side of the Channel came over with his car, and that was when we were just coming on air. And that guy was really enlightening on his Indian trip. Anyway all day long it was just beautiful, just fantastic video and about three o'clock that morning, they came in. They had come over that afternoon, looking for a man for questioning about some dead or other. That bloke is. He didn't look like an policeman. I thought he was an insurance salesman. He came in and after he got inside he said he was a policeman. I sat there talking for a minute to him. I asked him if he was to church on Sunday. I said look like you are good. He was getting fat, you know, that downhill date they got from over-using their wheelbarrow. We were playing a game to get the house cleaned. We were thinking of getting us could play in the room to keep the kids that come there, open-minded. Like if they got something to try on in the room with their music, like fish, a tank of fish. Kitty cat, Doggie, Red eye. Keep them going in the right direction, towards nature. I found a fish tank, you know, and I'm going to show it down. I was talking to the girls about moving it down today. I've got it all ready. Soon as I get this motor going to keep the water warm and filtered. And we decided to put coloured glass in the windows. We already had the guy over. He looked at it. Gonna cut the glass and put it all in. Red glass, blue, green, but I think everyone is down on anything being done on this house. I offered this money specially from the state just to do all these things. To make it a nice city room.'

Well, that morning, I went to the bathroom, the bath remained as my cubby hole next door to the bathroom. And while I was in the bathroom, I heard this voice saying as I was sitting there, all you people out in that real old British accent, and I knew something was up. I looked out the door and I seen these three or four come right inside the log room, but still right at the doorway. I jumped inside my little closet, shut the door and locked it. Saw the



condemned out and told the first it was breaking in. Then we heard all this ruckus outside the door, somebody smashing something. Then voices and some shouting and praying. In the panic and excitement, we opened the window, and there was the druggie. I hid down it, hit bedroom and said, 'Come on, Miss, follow me, it's noisy.' I sat out the first way. As I made it get through the window, and was just making my turn to sink down the roof, I heard this top say, 'There goes this down the road. Get him,' and I just an extra second, it was the putting myself in confusion. Completely run. Like I was on the rear track of the world. About three thousand yards here. I dashed inside of an alley way going in between two buildings. I lay down under some main there and lay panting like mad until I could catch my breath. As I got up from crouching, I seen there put somebody in the junky wagon. They had several people and I think two of them big ones, these are mean wagers. Man for mean wagers. What's that not a name who makes all these bets? It was at a cartoon at that paper 'Black Dwarf'. Well, he struck again last night. That motherfucker right there in that cartoon stolen again. What's his name. American all heads it still was. Whoever reads this magazine, be on the look-out for P.C. Frank and that motherfucker for mean wagers with the red light on the top and the blue uniforms. Don't let them close your mind. Please don't let 'em close your mind. Keep an open mind. All things past, tonight, tonight, tonight. I can't win. I can't lose. I got nothing to lose. One to see it face and chance. One to me it pleasure and pain. One to me it love or gain. They're all the same says my boss. The Tao says that, or words to that effect.'

The following night, Lee received 100 dollars from an American friend and Lee spent it all on a gold watch. He talked it with good and honest on fellow squatters and heavy guitar. Bongo, Dais, drum, a sax, plenty of food, and with everyone ripping beautifully, the arrival of every man seemed a matter of brief appearance. Heads were laid up water, truth, shaken down. Each was confronted, machine collected, but surprisingly no arrests were made.

'We was all laughing. The police still going and no one was getting arrested. Only three one. Anyhow, I don't know how, but they can let down machines and walked out. It was just tonight. The cops of said and they just didn't know what to do. Fantastic.' Lee was jubilant, but the following afternoon they got him. At the moment, he is in Brixton jail, awaiting trial on two charges of possessing arms, and possession. But was refused.

'I don't know. Why? A guy just wants to practice his religion, just wants to do his thing, man. All I want to do is smoke, stay stoned, and just groove. Why is it so hard for a man to breathe - this deep or in England.'

Anthony Hudson-Guest

Benny is a handsome figure around Chappa, and has been for several years. He is thin, with a shaven head, and a pre-occupied manner, and he holds his right arm slightly above his head at almost all times. There is an "oldie" *Thelma* magazine, *Fantasy*, which he is seen from a director of *Goodbye* (mythical author of *ALL AND EVERYTHING*) and has practiced since the age of 22. He is now 36.

[illegible]

Some extracts of the book follow. I have done very little to the text. Obviously I have missed what seems (to me) the best, and where there has been a great deal of travelling, crossing-out, and re-crossing-out, a certain amount of editing has been necessary. Apart from that, all I can say is that I wouldn't mind having written it myself.

The fireplace is very heavily scored with cracking—out it did send Hoover adding a Baltimore address. The bar has been closed out, and now large blue capitals say PARADISE.

I went into a tavern in
Baltimore, began
to practice the piano when
the
Earth Being had agreed. After
approx three five six five
minutes
The E-B asked me to leave.
He told me that he
performed television. I was
out of reason. I remember
that accurately with E-B.

Signed on: No job. Collected my postal draft. My unemployment benefit doesn't amount to enough for lunch every day. Oh, dear. Chump. I stopped. I'd give a hell. Refusing to eat carrots of the lilies.
my
consumers pleasure and my

and more, address

There are several little Seams on my rib (right hand) How do I care for them?

Edward about an Irish play on the war here. I'll remember.

Wing Connection
I told the Earth-Born
around me as I walked on
Earth:
I don't own you. Nor
do I own
your possessions. Also I don't
want
to bother you.

I never drank anything
excepting alcohol and I never
smoked.
My health has been appalling.

I am, wearing my dark brows as
plum-chocolate-coloured
browns; my
brown hair, my brown shoes,
my pale
olive-green and white shirt and
my flag
polish. I eat and drink
regularly and I sleep well. I
handle
and ride with my occasional

all of which
I keep just beyond my bed
with kaffir and vanilla

I avoid Rainforest completely
My health has been appalling
I must keep a large, I purchased
Fast day food.

I went to the V.B. & A. Museum where I bought a strawberry milkshake, attracted it* at my house, thinking that it would be an excellent sign of Princess Margaret were to play one of her songs on the radio.

and the East of Scotland and to agree with Mr. Wilson and also if possible (Pres.) Charles (with his going) would be present amongst my nearest group. The Spiders

The first wing of the cathedral is the west or the entrance.

A. Jansz, *unpublished results in private communication*

"I do music every day. I do play the piano every day," explains David. "To the

business mode. I play anything
like I *thinks*?' (laughs) 'No, I
want improve.' I think I
improve one must have quite
a knowledge. Although I
can play a Classical piece, I
have to play a popular tune
simply because I have to get as
much as one platoon and
friend. The thing is that
popular music appeals to get
(laughing) 'Doesn't it?'
And Bruce breaks with
unrestrained and with
harmony, with popular
tone.

105-179

More Wood Jams:
"Any money, no?" (Sue)
asked me.

"No," I replied. "I'm completely 'coked' (it was the slang word Linda Christian once used in a television film). I've been stuck on this bed for the last 10 years, because Doc

My last girl friend killed
herself because
I wasn't Cliff Richard
She had a difficult time

getting into prep school happens
a lot, you can

Thought Davis's sleeping on
ground

I'm nearly always going to
 break him and I suppose I can
 apologize for the work
 with Mr. Paul. In the evenings
 he studies in order of possible
 interest (Aldous Huxley,
 Graham Greene,
 Christopher Isherwood, Boris
 Ford
 Graham and other writers)
 Unfortunately
 the film camera which
 Sirri Dams, Sir Philip Dixon's
 daughter, lent me was
 damaged. Because I haven't
 been
 able to add my drawings of
 Heracles
 Machinery finishing me using
 Heracles Machinery and Self
 Portrait.
 I haven't been able to buy
 anything. Ben's
 Ben's looking out of his
 window

(Doris, says Bruce is Irish, and they share a room in a boarding house in Baltimore. This boarding house is to be the subject of a documentary which Bruce thinks he will shortly be making with David of *Immersion* and Chloé Richomme's "Yes, Yes" film) — there is an element of repetition in construction which is also very self-flattering, almost apologetic. "Yes, I suppose you're like. The guy is in it, isn't he? Because I'm just into it, just playing the guitar, playing the piano, playing the piano." "Yes, like her to play the piano in my document too."

Anyway, the reason they have it on the record is much as to have some story for Drew. Talking about parking, huh? I can't picture Drew. Because it gets in Drew's way. He needs the Chamber to (a) study (about) Chrysler and (b) pressure the agency to (c) probably stop the lawsuit to (d) let him go. He doesn't have a plausible gut-level story. I want to suggest that this documentary should get him and me into Drew's account. The fact is that I want to get this Show Business on the Address. Chrysler needs, with a view to doing a film this Summer. Yes, something like *STREETIN' IN GOLD*. (That story they



I say, "No, I can't do it," she says, "It's not to be told me, it's to be told to me. I am pleased by your beautiful position girl. Do you want to go to bed tonight?" "No, my friend, but I have a question. What if you ask me?" "Sweet, don't worry, with the other one, I'm already enough with Love, Affection, and Sex. You are the, Love is Platonic, and Romance is Romantic and beautiful. You often not have a Platonic girl? I would be very happy if some girls as many as possible. (The major number seems to be the hundred)

[illegible][illegible]

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I AGREE WITH BUT I DON'T YOUR GOALS

YOUR TACTICS KNOW ABOUT



"A preview chapter from a soon-to-be-published but as yet unpublished book by Jerry Rubin - veteran history activist, Yippie founder and the running mate of anti-two Presidential candidate Abbie Hoffman."

People who say, "I agree with your goals, I don't like your tactics" are full of hypocrisy. The goals always concern - it's the tactics that we control. The means of the revolution are the revolution. If we had to decide beforehand what our goals were, we'd be arguing about the future society for the next 1000 years, but we can all agree what to do. Do. Do. Do. The movement gets its greatest unity around tactics. We learn no action with different experiences, and through collective action we grow together and become a movement.

I never knew what the cause were at demonstrations. They were all decided by leaders who went to boring meetings to debate each other for hours. What we wanted from those meetings were demands that the establishment could never satisfy. If they satisfied our demands, we lost. The purpose of demonstration is of confrontation, the demands are secondary. What makes the demands radical is the fact that the establishment would not satisfy them. And in time, we should always have a supplementary set of demands tacked on to the original. "Anything" is a short goal, because money takes away the power of the power structure to punish. That's a hard one for them to swallow.

Remember those early civil rights demonstrations? The demands usually were jobs for black people in hotels and auto showrooms. The people picketing and sitting in were not the people who wanted the jobs; in fact, we spent our lives avoiding such jobs. We were fighting for demands which we didn't even believe in. It was the point that was important. The quietest link, the subtle, the only, the "democratic": If the power structure was smart, it would have needed all our resources without a fight. But that's what makes power structures power structures. They can't do that.

We become convinced by fighting for what we believe in. The job of protest is to put forth demands which won't be satisfied, just as we are reasonable enough to put a lot of people, especially the

leaders, on our side. We screen furiously when our demands are not met, as if we had expected them to be in the first place. We know we're actors and we must believe in our act.

Why do people go to long meetings debating for hours about the demands of a demonstration will be and what will be the spirit of words on a leaflet? None of those things are important. Nobody needs leaflets. What's important is the theatre. Scripts are for shit. Ours is a live in yourself revolution.

Revolution is not the sacrifice of a "program". Revolution is the arrival of new classes and generations on to the stage of history through struggle, the changing of people from spectators to actors. As Carter puts it, "The goal of the Cuban revolution is to turn every individual into a legislator." Representative democracy is the enemy. The goal is such-man his own revolution. We do not want consensus from the leaders; we want 74 per cent own best. We achieve the revolution by denying it.

We free ourselves by first realizing where we are. You only find out how unfree you are when you start fighting for your freedom by breaking rules. We have as much freedom as we can't fight for. The freedom is most people in America ~~AND~~ they are free because they can't own program freedom. They think reading first validates from a prewritten script is freedom. Stop reading the lines as they're written, you'll get fired and find out how free you are.

Violence has been the bad thing that has happened in America in a long time. Vietnam has demonstrated eventually to the American people how little control they have over their own government. In fighting to end the war the American people have begun to achieve their own liberation. The longer the war continues, the greater freedom we will achieve fighting to end it.

Truth emerges in crisis, and Vietnam is America's truth. We can understand America by looking at Vietnam where it all comes clear in a crisis. The goal of the revolution is to create crisis.

The only way to know if your tactics are successful is to see how many people you alienate. In America, it is normal daily life which is the enemy, and we've got to alienate people by shaking up their daily lives. If you don't alienate people, you're not reaching them. Ineffective protest is protest which gets no one's attention, makes no one unhappy, alienates nobody. Effective protest gets people upset — therefore it's usually illegal.

America puts people in prison through carefully defined roles. We are students and teachers, workers and managers, housewives, lawyers, judges. Everybody is defined by his role and told how to act. The freest people in the country are the "ret-culents." We are known by what we are not! That should be everybody's goal, to be known by what he is not.

How do you know what a man's role is? By his clothes. Want to be a lawyer? Get yourself a blue suit, a couple of yellow legal pads, a brief case, a clock and go to court next week and identify you as a lawyer. Nobody will ask for your diploma; print your own. All you need to do any job in America is the clothes. If you get the clothes, you're the job.

As a transitional stage towards communism, the yippies demand that everybody change his job every year. Everybody should do what everybody else does in society as we see it understood and feel the experience of other people.

Everybody should drive a cab, run an elevator, work on a newspaper, grow food. The world has gone full circle from non-specialization to industrialization and specialization, to computerization and back to non-specialization. Communism when is the universal, resistance man. The expert and specialist will be a museum piece.

The yippies try to liberate people by getting them to change their clothes. We relate to other people through their clothes. A judge puts on black robes and all of a sudden everyone starts treating him like a god. He takes off his robes and he's just like any other schlock on the street.

The suit and tie is the symbol of the class society. Ties will be illegal in our communist society. The Marx Brothers are our leaders as they go into restaurants cutting people's ties. The tie represents the goal of our revolution — the tie is a costume belt. Everybody comes as bullfighters, cunts, generals, girates. We're trying out different ties and buttons.

The purpose of the revolution is to create theatre-in-the-streets. You are the stage. You are the actor. Everything is for real. There is no audience. The goal is to turn on everybody who can be turned on and turn off everybody who cannot be turned on. Theatre but no rules, forms, structure, standards, traditions — it is pure, natural energy, impulse, anarchy. The revolution's best impulse is his first impulse. Do it! Move about it, analyse it later.

The yippies declare war on Hollywood and Broadway. We are out to put them out of business. Theatre belongs on the streets. America tries to get people to feel critical experience, and purge their emotions through catharsis with television, movies and plays, so here is little emotion left for one in his daily life. We live our lives through John Wayne. The role of revolution is to break the stage, start a fire in the movie theatre and then start screaming, "Fare! Flare!" Now can theatre compete with life in the real? How do you create Vietnam? The only way to reach Vietnam is to bring Vietnam here. The theatrical producers of today are creating theatre of Vietnam on the college campuses of America.

When we first got the idea of Chicago, we went to hip theatre people to get them out of their auditoriums and into the streets. There was interest, but not enough. It was not the professional theatre people who created the Theatre of Chicago; it was the amateurs. The yippies feel knowledge can be dangerous, because knowledge fosters complacency. Experts are masters, and prisoners of previous forms. No real advances are made by experts. Our leaders are children and blind people. The revolution makes "ignorance" a crime.

The Living Theatre came to Berkeley the same week the people had spent fighting the National Guard in the streets in a Theatre of Blood. Being political, the Living Theatre thought this was the wrong way.

The Living Theatre liberates the audience and the auditorium as much as it is physically possible within the medium of paying money to go to an auditorium with a regular starting and closing time. Actors merge themselves with the audience, eliminating the stage. "We're not allowed to smoke pot," one Living Theatre member screamed out, whereupon he was offered a joint from five different directions in the Berkeley audience. Another Living Theatre member shouted, "I can't take off my clothes!" All around his people started taking off their clothes. "I can't travel without a passport." That struck a lot of people in the room dead, because for some of us life is one cross after another.

People were angry at the control of revolution-in-the-auditorium — taking all our energy and putting it into a play in one place at one time for a price. The theatre medium is archaic. Shouting "freedom" is a theatre in a construction in terms. The only role of theatre is to take people out of the theatre and into the streets. The role of the revolutionary theatre group is to make the revolution. The role of the revolutionary rock group is to make the revolution. The role of the book is to get you to make the revolution.

The newspaper editors of America in their annual conferences call on the "experts" to explain to them what their children are doing. They would never think of asking the criminals themselves to come to discuss their crimes. Although the panels are called "Conferences on Student Unrest", the editors call on participants people who spend their days in the library and their nights sleeping very soundly. Why don't they call them off of us who are restless and can't sleep?

The College Editors can't get away with that because it would be too embarrassing for them to call on older people to explain what people their own age are doing. They usually have to invite a token yippie who brings all his friends. When you ask for one, you get 20.

We finished out as soon as we arrived. The editors were carbon copies of each other. It is there a factory somewhere producing college editors? Their faces had the same dead, bureaucratic expressions. They talked as if they were talking to each other on the telephone. There they were, parties to parties in a fancy Washington D.C. Hotel, and they had talking-on-the-telephone personalities. They related to each other not as human beings, but as fellow professionals. They came from campuses that had been burning down all year, and the main question on their minds was: Should college newspapers editorialize on the Vietnam war or would it compromise journalistic integrity?

Just keeping our voices in a moderate tone in talking to these editors was a sell-out, I felt. It implied the discussion was "reasonable". Is the Vietnam war a difference between reasonable men? Do these editors think a dispute between a Southern redneck cop and a black does it a compromise between reasonable men?

Paul Kramer got so hysterical over their matter-of-factness that in the middle of one of their discussions he began to cry. "People are dying in Vietnam and you're talking like this!" Paul kept sobbing. He was so cold at the time and the unconscious truth of the situation burst forth.

We woke up Saturday morning and dropped the idea of acid, ready for battle. What the editors did not know was how controversial we yippies are. We had asked their conference complexity and we were getting up a rigid debate for the afternoon: "Should the College Newspaper Editors Association Take a Stand on the War?" The editors had no idea that some people in suits, short hair and ties pretending to be college newspaper editors were members of the Washington Street Theatre group.

I went to the show myself not knowing who were the editors and who were the actors. I'd be able to figure it out, I thought.

But everybody marched like an actor. I couldn't believe anybody was a real editor. It was the most intense discussion I'd ever heard: Should we take a stand standing up? Sitting down? On the toilet? For representation? For the war? Against the war? They were all playing at being editors; who was real and who was unreal? I knew only 15 of the 150 people in the room were actors, but I couldn't tell who.

Finally, the interview ready to be taken. The lights suddenly went off. Flashed across the wall were scenes of burning Vietnamese babies, torture scenes, napalm. The room was full of hysterical screams. It was a torture chamber. Everybody started screaming. "Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!"

The film stopped and a voice came over a bullhorn: "This is Sgt. Haggerty of the District Washington Police. We arrested the man who put on this film and we have charged him with obscenity. Everyone in this hall is under arrest for conspiracy to watch obscene movies. Stay where you are. Please do not resist arrest."

The editors started fleeing the room. They thought to little of their country that they believed immediately that they were going to be arrested on movie for making a film. They believe they live in a Nazi country.

A greaser husky guy in a suit-and-tie jumped on top of a chair, identified himself as editor from Notre Dame, and yelled at the top of his lungs: "I've just come back from Vietnam. I've seen my brothers dying. We've got to stop this killing. The men in the White House are making us all die for nothing. I'm a college editor and you're a college editor. We have power. Are we brave? Can we be brave?"

Is this guy real? Or part of the Washington theatre group? I didn't know. But finally it struck me -- it made no difference. Everything was real and serious.

The editors finally realized they had been the subjects of a huge dose of Reality Theatre. They were furious that their "democratic dialogue" had been disrupted. They were ready to expel the chairman of the afternoon session who had compared with the violence to put on the show. They went through a turbulent meeting, screaming and yelling at each other. Through the meeting they realized they had learned something about themselves that day. People started talking to one another off the microphone. It was an emotional breakthrough.

Senator Eugene McCarthy was coming in two hours to a press conference for the editors. They were going to run a real "Meet the Press" show, the way that Big Daddy do it. They started going around to us, begging us not to disrupt it.

I thought to myself: bullshit. The press conference is free theatre to be used by anybody who can make the best use of it. The purpose of a press conference is to make news. News is free. Why anyone that the only person who can make news is the presidential candidate who answers questions? McCarthy is just an actor, and we're all actors. There is no stage.

There are whatever props it needs to most dramatically make its point. The most effective theatre breaks rules, throwing people into a new situation without guides to behavior. It wouldn't be effective just asking McCarthy a question. McCarthy could co-opt any question. Anyway, what efforts at most is not McCarthy's content, but his style. The next aggressive thing about it is the format of the press conference treating the candidate as an authority.

It was a few minutes before McCarthy was due to arrive and I had no props and no idea. I was on edge and I started to the stage joggling like a boxer, working up enough confidence to act out of the roles that everybody else would be respecting. When you break a set theatre like a press conference at a restaurant, you get to have a lot of confidence in yourself because everybody's going to be looking at you as if you're crazy. You get to be crazy.

Somewhere was holding a newspaper and I saw the heading: JAIL-BREAK IN RUE, 2000 VIET CONG FREE. I was delirious. 2000 people who were in jail a few hours ago were now free! McCarthy says his against the war, doesn't he? For what other reason could he be against the war except to see the Viet Cong free?

McCarthy came in just as I heard he was: distant, disengaged, reserved, unemotional. He had so Secret Service protection. Didn't the word reach him that the media had infiltrated the college editors' conference?

He finished his 15 minute speech and was getting ready to answer questions, when I started running towards him.

I jumped on the stage, put my arm around him, and started screaming, "People are free. Gene. Gene, people are free. Aren't you happy? Isn't that great?" The television camera was buzzing away. My arm was around his shoulder, I'd intended to kiss him -- really I did --

but it just didn't work out because he was so cold. I felt like an unrequited lover, my emotion unrequited. McCarthy actually tried to ignore me, confirming the press conference as if I wasn't there.

Within ten seconds there were five more vigils and editors on all four around his feet, barking like little animals. The editors went out of their minds. The organizers of the conference tried to placid with us reasonably to move away, but it didn't work. We were delirious that human beings were free in Vietnam, and we wanted to celebrate, not have some boring press conference.

Gene was surrounded by the Marx Brothers. We tried to soothe him psychologically, making faces at his every answer, booing and cheering things he said. But he went on -- trying to be the master deluder of crisis.

We heard an Indian drum in the background. Gum-dum-dum. People were carrying a coffin towards us. As they got closer and closer, I saw McCarthy get edgier and edgier. "Don't worry, Gene," I said. But he was trying to act as if I didn't exist. The coffin-carriers reached McCarthy and emptied the coffin upside down. Hundreds of McCarthy buttons came flying out wrapped in an American flag. The coffin read: "Electoral Politics". At this point McCarthy just turned away, left the stage and out the press conference there.

The college editors started moving towards me, hungry for blood. They were sobbing with an emotion that I'd never seen there express once the war in Vietnam. Their professors reprimanding had been spoiled. They were drunk. "What are you so angry about?" I screamed.

"McCarthy paid us to do this. His campaign is dull, dull, dull. It's the best thing that's happened to his campaign. Finally he's going to make rational television. Don't worry. McCarthy's not pleased at you. He's happy!"

"If this is your revolution, Rubin, you can have it," one editor said. I didn't know he was that interested in the revolution in the first place. "If this is your newspaper business, you can have it," I replied.

Being on-is-reporter I felt half-hungry: "We give you a new story and you're angry. What kind of reporters are you? Fuck you. What is this shit, objective journalism? What are you trying to do, be reporters like your dad? These press conference formats are dead!"

I was furious at these editors because I finally realized their game: they want to be popular. "Go home and watch television!" I screamed. "You're corpse. TV is putting you all out of business. Hell, hell TV is making you useless!"

The editors just couldn't keep the rigors out of their conferences -- or their responses -- no matter how hard they tried.

Good theatre is the unexpected. Everybody always expects radicals to march in a circle, carrying picket signs and shouting slogans. Radicals have got to put away their picket signs and use their imagination.

Bobby Kennedy was coming to San Francisco to speak at a \$500 a plate dinner for the Big Democrats. I can never understand those \$500 and \$1000 dinners. Are some people that hungry? What do these Democrats do -- starve themselves for weeks and then come to life hungry lions, devouring everything on these plate, and then putting it aside, and saying, "Now that was worth \$500?" I guess I look at them through my non-awakening man eyes. To them \$1000 is pocket money. They see it the way I see a quart.

We got to Kennedy's dinner as how early and set up a table with bread, bologna and mustard, and we made five sandwiches to give to all the neckbeard, floppy-haired, tail-coated men and women coming to see Senator Kennedy's big dinner. It sounded like a rotten deal to us, paying \$500 for dinner inside, when you could get a free bologna sandwich outside. When people arrived, we shouted, "Have a free bologna sandwich. Why pay \$500 for bologna inside when you can get free bologna right here!"

I never saw so many "infantile" people get so angry in my life. "You mean, you did, you did?" they screamed at us. I yelled back, "I thought only Republicans talked like that!" The women were scandalized. They moved away from us as if we were a snake about ready to coil.

Kennedy attracts a lot of Jack Newfield-type, liberal-dicks who come on to revolutionaries real charity-charm-charm. "We're really for



Castro, but we're working for Kennedy so that we can make things worse for revolutionaries, can't you know?" And then they said, "and we got five tickets." But this time the revolutionaries had a great tactic. The liberals had to prove their friendship to us by making our bourgeois sandwiches. If they ate the burgers, it would make their appetites for sure, and we could be certain they would be repulsed by Bobby Kennedy's dinner. You are what you eat.

What if one day 5000 sound trucks traveled throughout a city announcing, "The war in Vietnam is over. Turn on your radio for further information." The telephone wires would be ringing. Within two minutes everybody would be talking his mother talking her "The war is over!" Most would have to come on television to reassure the American people that the war is still on, despite the various rumors-mongers.

The peace movement is not bureaucratically organized well enough to carry out such a project, and is also too locked into ideology to let its imagination go crazy. Phil Ochs went around from peace group to peace group in spring of 1967 trying to convince them that it was time for the peace movement to celebrate the end of the war. The rumor started going around that Phil Ochs had become an apolitical apothecary, which was not true. Phil just sees too many movies. "How can we deal with the absurdity of Vietnam except with our own absurdity?" asked Ochs. Finally Ochs gave up on the goldcoast and peace people, and started working with the freaks.

Posters of a sailor looking hergal on VJO day, WW II vintage, were plastered all over New York City, announcing the celebration of the end of the Vietnam war. 2000 teenagers and assorted nuts showed up at Washington Square Park — for most of whom the war had never even begun. We didn't know what to do with ourselves, so we went around playing our recorders and telling each other that "The war is over!" We got in a huddle and started counting backwards: 100-99-98-97, and as we got into the 30s more joined us and when we hit 1, we screamed "The war is over!" and we started running up Fifth Avenue to share the good news with our fellow New Yorkers.

The cops were unimpressed. They thought we were going to be nice boys and girls and celebrate the end of the war by playing in the Washington Square sandbox all afternoon. We ran through the streets screaming, "The war is over!" Cab drivers honked their horns. People stopped their cars and got out to ask, "What did you say?" Even pro-war types waved and said, "Is it really? How did you know?" Allen Ginsberg ran into subways, threw his hands to the sky in that special Ginsberg headspring, and screamed at the top of his lungs, "The war is over! The war is over!"

Everything became part of the celebration. New York cops on horses and with shotguns blaring came after us to clear the streets. We thought the police were celebrating the end of the war, too, blowing their own whistles and pipes. Red lights, green lights, traffic jams and accidents became part of the celebration.

Nobody was unhappy the war was over. And what was even more amazing: Nobody asked: Who won? Nobody gave a damn.

We should have broken into Broadway plays and screamed, "The war is over!" People there would have turned to it and said, "Yeah. You're interrupting the play, Sash." We'd respond, "We're part of the play."

"Demonstrations should turn you on, not off," says Phil Ochs.

The demonstration broke people out of their expected roles. Pro-war people couldn't figure out how to react to the psychological assault on their minds. How much more effective than parading around with signs saying, "End the war."

The key to theater is timing. Theatre grows out of the situation and the key to theatre is timing. In the summer of '67 it was appropriate to stress the war is over. But Peter LSD pulled a theatrical trick on us. He said the war is over. The role of the peace movement during the time of capitalism is to show people that the war is still on. The yippie demonstration in Chicago was the reverse of the War is Over demonstration. We ran through the streets shouting, "The War is On!"

The power to define is the power to control. Over 80% of the violence that takes place in America is by the State through its cops and armies. But when a cop shoots a nigger, that's "law and order." When a

continued page 19







black men defend himself against a cop, that's "violence." Is the same movie set performed when a Jew kills a Nazi as when a Nazi kills a Jew? Why aren't these different words to describe the violence of the oppressor and the violence of the oppressed? The power structure creates the frame of reference which forces the people to see things from their point of view. The role of the revolutionary is to create scenes which force a revolutionary frame of reference.

Huey P. Newton determined what millions of people would think and talk about for years when one October morning in 1967 in Oakland, California, he shot and killed an Oakland cop who had stopped him and was bullying him, ready to kill.

Not a million books, articles or speeches could have defined the situation as clearly as Huey's action. Huey forced people throughout the world to ask themselves: What would I do if I were Huey Newton? What would I do if I were an Oakland black terrorized by Oakland police? Thousands of people identified not with the dead Oakland policeman but with Huey Newton. A massive response from black people, white liberals, white radicals, students, professors, doctors, housewives throughout California formed the Huey Newton Defense Committee and argued that black people should arm themselves and defend themselves from the violence of the white police.

The white power structure tried to react as usual. One white life is worth 1000 black lives. They made plans to execute Huey P. Newton.

The Oakland courts were unable to execute Huey. Huey was convicted of voluntary manslaughter and sentenced to 2 to 15 years in jail — a compromise.

Huey Newton has become a symbol of the liberated, black revolutionary acting for his people. The battle to free Huey is the battle to free ourselves, because Huey did something that was right, but that we are as yet afraid to do, and he redefined the situation for all of us.

The Black Panthers have been able to take actions that have created legends throughout America. The Panther uniform — beard, black leather jacket, gun — gave the Panther myth incredible force. Three Panthers on the street became an army of thousands. When the justices of the California state legislature were meeting in Sacramento to deliberate a bill to leave guns in the hands of the cops but take them out of the hands of the victims of the cops, the blacks, the Panthers armed themselves, drove to Sacramento and invaded the Chamber to personally pay a visit to their Congressmen to discuss their grievances.

The idea of armed men rigging invading their Sacramento sanctuary must be a nightmare of every congressman. But the Panthers were acting out of common sense. How else can a citizen talk to congressmen? By writing a letter which is answered mechanically by machine? Our legislators have cut themselves off from the experience of the people. They represent special interest groups and see the people only on guided tours. They don't experience the life of the people, so we have to bring our way of life to them.

Fear and paranoia is the luxury of the suburban leftism, the smug intellectual, the graduate student, the uninvolved. The further away you are from the movement, the more scared you are. The Black Panthers aren't afraid. The yuppies aren't afraid. The Viet Cong aren't afraid. In your living room, you're scared to death. In the middle of a riot, I've never found anybody who's scared. The way to eliminate fear is to do what you're afraid of. The goal of theater is to get as many people to overcome their fear, through action, as possible.

We create reality wherever we go by living our fantasies

(See Qs 12 for Jerry Rubin's Longevity Letter)

hip pocrates

QUESTION: Some time ago a doctor welcomed me into my nose just above the left nostril. The phone started to come out.

I went back to the doctor and he removed an inch of hard white substance hanging out of a pore in my right nostril, but he couldn't remove the rest of it.

My nose is now both uncomfortable and embarrassing. What should I do?

ANSWER: Silicone injections are still experimental procedures in this country. Even the experimental work was stopped for a time while the Food and Drug Administration investigated possible dangers.

Permission was recently granted to resume the experiments in all parts of the body except the breasts. Breasts were excluded because the presence of silicone makes cancer diagnosis more difficult.

Silicone injections are thought to be useful in correcting certain cosmetic imperfections, but any experimental procedure may backfire. Your physician has undoubtedly consulted with other researchers in this field regarding your case. Or he may wish to refer you to another plastic surgeon for a second opinion.

QUESTION: My girlfriend had a very unfortunate pregnancy before I met her. She had a C-section and because of complications her uterus had to be removed. She does have her ovaries, however.

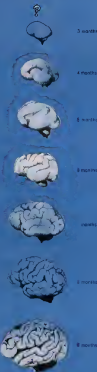
I would like to impregnate my girlfriend, but obviously can't. Can you advise me on the pros and cons of her getting a uterine transplant or similar therapy?

ANSWER: I'm sorry to tell you that no operation for a uterine transplant yet exists. But adopting a child can be as fulfilling to a couple and the child's life can be better.

Adopted children even come to resemble their adoptive parents because of similar facial characteristics and body movements.

QUESTION: Whenever I eat in a Chinese restaurant the upper part of my body feels numb, I feel weak all over and my heart seems to pound.

What could be wrong?



ANSWER: Chinese Restaurant Syndrome came to public attention last year with the publication of a letter in the "New England Journal of Medicine" from a Chinese physician. Dr. Robert Ho-Man Kwok noted these symptoms when dining in Chinese restaurants but not when eating home-cooked Chinese food.

Even before Dr. Kwok's letter appeared, a Yale gastroenterologist had found a connection between Chinese food and headaches in some individuals. Dr. Martin Gordon and seven brave volunteers (all of whom had previously been victims of Chinese Restaurant Syndrome) ate in a Chinese restaurant in New Haven, Connecticut. You know they're brave.

Halfway through the meal they noticed headaches, numbness of the face, palpitations of the heart, sweating, clenched jaws and flushed faces.

The culprit seems to be monosodium glutamate which is generously used in such delicacies as won ton soup. Most people are not sensitive to this seasoning, but those who are suffer from the dreaded Chinese Restaurant Syndrome.

Don't worry too much about it. One or two hours after the symptoms begin they disappear and you'll be hungry again.

DEAR DR. HIP POCRATES is a collection of letters and answers published by Grove Press, \$5.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your letters. Write to him c/o DZ.

QUESTION: I have a friend who smokes marijuana almost every day and has fallen behind in his school work.

What can I tell him to make him break his?

ANSWER: You can tell him any drug can be abused, including marijuana.

"Thinking About Using Pot" is a booklet containing scientific facts about marijuana prepared by Tod Mikumsky, M.D. and Kathleen Goss. Copies cost \$1 each and are available from the San Francisco Psychiatric Medical Clinic, 1040 Grove St., San Calif. 94117.

Does marijuana impair driving ability? Not to experienced users, according to a study published in the May 1976 SCIENCE. Members of the Division of Research of the Washington State Department of Motor Vehicles and Departments of Pharmacology and Psychiatry of the University of Washington School of Medicine gave tests simulating actual driving conditions to 36 marijuana fiends.

The group scored as many total errors on the simulated driving test when stoned then when they were straight. Alcohol, however, caused them to score significantly more driving errors.

The driver-training simulator consisted of a mockup of a car facing a 6 by 16 foot screen in a totally darkened room.

"The test film gave the subject a driver's eye view of the road as it led him through normal and emergency driving situations on freeways and urban and suburban streets."

Alfred Granger, Jr., of the Washington Department of Motor Vehicles, had previously found in a five-year study that a driving simulator test could predict future driving skills (an actual behind-the-wheel test could not). Factors tested during the 25 minute driving film were accelerator, brakes, turn signals, steering and speedometer.

The average age of the 36 heads was 22.3 years. 7 were female and 29 male. Each subject had three "treatments." One treatment consisted of waiting in a comfortable lounge with no drug administered before taking the simulator test. The second consisted of drinking 2 Bloody Marys or 2 Screwdrivers of a concentration sufficient to raise a 0.10 percent blood alcohol level nearly half of drivers fatally injured in auto accidents have been found to have a blood alcohol level of 0.15 percent or more. The third seemed to be a test as well as a treatment and consisted of smoking 2 joints of a batch of marijuana kindly provided by the

National Institute of Health.

More "speedometer errors" were made when stoned than when straight but in this test speedometer errors mean not speeding but misport of time looking at the speedometer. The authors of the study believe that drivers high on marijuana speed less time looking at the speedometer because their sense of time perception is altered by the drug.

"They often report alteration of time and space perceptions, leading to a different sense of speed which generally results in driving more slowly."

The conclusions of this paper coincide with observations often reported by chronic marijuana users. Some individuals greatly fear driving under the influence of marijuana, others enjoy driving while stoned and believe they perform at least as well as when straight. Driving under the influence of any drug is best avoided but it seems as if another marijuana myth has been shattered.

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INTERVIEW WITH JANE OLLENDORFF
WITH HARVEY MATHIAS
September 1989

Your book *William Reich: A Personal Biography* — *Rich Book* is it coming out this month?

Today *Rich* is a sort of follow-on for many thousands of young people both here and in America, and many of them don't even know why.

REICH: My guess would be his attitude towards sexual liberation, which, today of course, is a matter of fact. In Reich's early twenties, the Victorian influence was still very strong, and he was really the first one who tried to liberate youth from Victorian attitudes. He made it quite clear that he felt that sexual liberation was very closely related to political liberation. Also his work, *Democracy Concept*, directed against the professional politician. I don't know whether it's as much in Europe as in America... but you can see to feel up with the professional politician whom they are attacking everything that there is whether they know it or not, as appear in Reich's book.

Then the attacks on Reich which were perpetrated by the press and by government agencies, not only in the United States, but in Canada, Denmark, Sweden, Austria and Germany were because he was breaking the bonds of Victorian morality?

REICH: Yes. I would think so. They were afraid — evidently rightly so — they were afraid over the liberation cause about the sexual field, that the political liberation would follow. They were afraid for their state power. Reich was a great liberator, everything they stood for, but that's where the attacks came from. Of course, these "attacks" are one of Reich's concepts of the emotional phase, which was completely destroyed, again by his disciples. The fact is that you attack someone where you feel yourself attacked — and they felt themselves attacked in their moral concepts, their sexual views, and rightly so. So they attacked Reich in that same field, and made him a sex maniac and what have you.

What was it that Reich was doing with, what the popular press called the *Orgone Bio*, or *Orgone Accumulator*?

REICH: As I try to explain in my book, the *Orgone Energy Accumulator*, (in real name), was an experimental device the function of which was to get the biological energy of the body, a sick body, strengthened. That was its only purpose, to strengthen the biological functioning of a body. Now, it worked out that, for instance, when you are very, very anxious, it would do something to strengthen the humongous contents of the blood. It would enhance the biological energy and help the body to fight any disease. It was never claimed by Reich to be a cure-all. He never claimed it could cure anything, and it most certainly was never mentioned by Reich in connection with sexual energy or potency which is claimed again and again by the popular sex magazines. Even the United States Food and Drug Administration tried to make it look as if it were a sexual racket. All these allegations against Reich and his work appeared in an article which appeared in the *New Republic* in 1943.

Did Reich feel that his work with the *Orgone Energy Accumulator* was stopped

too soon for the kind of results that such experiments could get? That they were never fulfilled because of the Government's inquisition which allowed the destruction of the books, and the burning of his books? That he really needed more time?

REICH: Again and again, Reich asked the Government to do the large scale experiments with the accumulators at a hospital. Nobody really took it seriously enough to help him and so really didn't have the chance to do it on a large scale. Reich had done a lot of large scale experiments with many, and it seemed to work. Reich was not a human being, but it seems clear to me. He asked again and again for help from large-scale organizations and foundations, but it never came to anything.

So to a great extent it would be fair to say that the work on the *Orgone Bio* never fulfilled? Stopped as a result of ignorance and misinterpretation purely derived from over emphasis on sex as a proof that attracted certain kind of people who had only sex on their mind?

REICH: I think you're very right. The number of people who were on the fringe, it was very disturbing to Reich. He didn't want to have anything to do with them, and actually he said that it became such a burden, that in 1943 he was almost glad when the Government's inquisition came. To that extent he was freed of that burden. He was beyond that point, it had just been one experiment. He was already in outer space with his experiments at that time. The Accumulator, and human beings, in some sense attracted him. Do I make myself clear?

Yes! You mentioned just now, Reich's coming on to his experiments in outer space, and we know that the Russian Sputnik was launched just one month before he died — at least had to witness it. What of his experiments in space?

REICH: I don't really know very much about it, because all the experiments came after I left, or at the time I left. I just couldn't follow his work in outer space. With Reich, life work, was all one — and if you were not fully with him, it was just impossible to continue living with him. It was beyond me, I just couldn't accept for instance, UFO's as reality. And that he definitely accepted as reality, I couldn't. They may be right, they may not. I don't know enough about it, but Reich claimed to have, not talked, but made contact with his cloud-buster space gun. He claimed to have been able to, not destroy them, but push them away, to cause them away. And he insisted that they came over Oregon (Maine, USA) that he saw them hovering overhead, and I couldn't accept that, I am maybe too much of a realist.

But in prison he said he stood in the pond and looked up at the sun, partially reflecting his eyes, and if you wonder if he was kind of "Owl" you can find them? They're there. Something has to be done. They're there, can't you see them?

REICH: Yes. He was convinced that the earth was under attack from outer space. He was absolutely convinced about that and so I was so thought. The whole thing, he more could only be done with organic theory. He was convinced of that. He made big calculations. I didn't understand anything about it, and I couldn't follow it, I knew

that he wrote that the Sputnik was a gun, a toy, compared with what was going on. He was convinced also that the American Air Force and the Space Agencies were aware of the work. I don't know what he took that belief from, but to me there were doubts. Today you hear talk that the Space Agencies are experimenting secretly with some of Reich's experiments.

REICH: Well, I haven't heard any of that. That is complete news to me. I haven't even heard the rumors!

What do you think his reaction would be to the fact that man has finally reached the moon?

REICH: I don't even speculate. Absolutely no way of telling.

Do you think, if Reich were alive today — or if Reich's notes were here, looking at the world today, would you think his reaction would be, seeing the world is still very unfulfilled condition — do you think he might be making somewhere as he looks on?

REICH: I think he would. That would be a very positive thing for him. This unfulfilled state.

About speculation, that is, where the body died, does the spirit continue to live? What ever he thought?

REICH: Well, he wouldn't talk about the spirit going on living. He would say that organic energy that fills the body, I mean, what makes us alive, in his opinion, was the organic energy. He said that you can move, that you are standing erect, that whatever makes life in the organic energy — that's organic energy. When you are dead, you fall down — the energy leaves your body, and his idea was that this amount of organic energy which is in the individual body merges with the general organic energy outside of us. That was as far as he went. I don't think he believed in the spiritual world — I would accept that idea, that what they call soul or spirit, or whatever leaves the body when it is dead. I have accepted the concept of organic energy completely, in that sense. As for living matter, I can see that things with the general organic energy move.

For instance, talking about total organic, which is a fusion of the totality of the energy, moving outside of matter, almost to create a new life form, which is to infuse the energy into another life form, and if you feel that, the continuity is part of what he was about — how living the energy.

REICH: That is what he explained, I think in "Either God or Devil", and what it is there, the cosmic superposition. This is what he had in mind — the identity of all living matter, which is in space or on the human body. This is the same energy that moves.

I know that many people have told me who've taken LSD that they're able to go back in three ways to where they're only a dot — they sometimes can't explain it but it is — but that is a whole other story — I would accept that idea, that what they call soul or spirit, or whatever leaves the body when it is dead. I have accepted the concept of organic energy completely, in that sense. As for living matter, I can see that things with the general organic energy move.

REICH: I would think that this is so, I can't judge because I don't know anything about that experience with drugs, but I think that the experience would be the same. When people talk about it, and Reich would about the organic strengthening and things like that, this is all part of the same idea, of the same energy concept.

THE NAVY LARK

When I arrived in London on leave I made straight for the pubs in the West End with the intention of getting pissed and maybe finding a bird. I got pissed alright but someone in the bar suggested that the best place to pick up a chick in London wasn't the pubs but in Hyde Park on Saturday afternoon. So I left off my hangover and took down Oxford Street just after lunch on Saturday and found the place crowded with people. Not my sort of people, mind you. You see after six years in the Navy (I joined when I was 15) you tend to think and react as very conservative, orthodox ways. What I mean is you get a sort of sheep-back-and-sides approach to life.

The people I found in the park were something new to me. I was wearing my wellpressed uniform and feeling very choiced up in this casual atmosphere. We had been at sea for 18 weeks - a long time without birds, intimacy or someone sensible to talk to. I'm an introvert. There's none of this you the Navy and me the-world crap. You're trapped in this cold black prison and suspended under the sea doing jobs you're not doing about it. Or before the lectures they give you at Portsmouth we're helping NATO - defending western civilisation and the British way of life. I suppose that's all an introduction.

One night I got drinking with some old hands and they absolutely believe that if there's a war it will be over as quickly we won't have a chance to survive. So what's it all about?

Well, I'm in Hyde Park on this Saturday afternoon and there's a guy up front singing and he's asking the same thing - What's It All About? Whether it was drunken ramble or not I can't say but I was feeling pretty lonely and depressed. That's fairly typical with sailors. Have you ever thought why sailors have such a reputation for being drunks? They can't like the stuff - nobody really does. There you ever thought why sailors have such bad relationships with women? Why do their girlfriends and wives

always run off with other sailors?

There were affairs that were going on because they are away so much. It's more than that. I've been on ships and watched the anxiety here to join up and their hate. The Navy doesn't want anybody who isn't into. So when the average sailor comes ashore he's never looking-for-him-or-her or affection he just wants to get all the bits out of his system. Hence the fights, the brawling and the vulgar remarks in the broken bar. Gosport. I was really trying to work all this out in my head when three people sat down next to me to drink in the evening. I had the usual reaction. I thought they would come at my uniform and end up making some snooty comment. But these were the fights usually start but the war atmosphere different. We somehow started to talk and then when the concert was over they asked me to join them for coffee.

I wasn't home you with the Big Romantic Story but by Sunday morning I was in regular world from the one that had held me captive for six years. We spent the day visiting people and smoking. At 11 o'clock on Sunday night I knew it was time to get ready to go back to my base. We all drove down to Chiswick Creek. It was midnight and the streets outside were all pretty deserted. On the pavilion there were thirty sailors standing around or sitting on their shoulders waiting for the "special" to take us back. It was the most depressing, empty moment of my life. The silence that laughing or joking, all the sailors were trying desperately not to catch the eyes of the person next to him. They were all like executioners going off - in terrible shame - to watch the punishment. My friends were looking at all the faces and I could tell they were horrified.

I knew immediately what I had to do. "I'm not going back," I said. "I've got out of here." That was a month ago. My life has now changed altogether and it's not just because of the girl I met in the Park and the

scene we've now got going. And it's not just smoking - although this has certainly helped to broaden the levels of my consciousness.

For instance, I now go to opera just as much as I go to pop sessions. I went to study for "A" levels to get some sort of education. The only thing I'm sure about is that I don't want to have to return to the Navy. They've got a warrant out for my arrest now and I have to keep changing my address. And every time I go for a job I am asked for my insurance cards. I can usually work for a fortnight before the boss gets sick and starts to ask too many questions. Then I have to move on. One day they will catch up on me. Well, I'll be arrested on a demonstration or turned over after a party and then I'll have to go back and face a spell in jail. But that's not the worst of it. My mother's right, the Navy - the ocean is essential to the way I see things from my childhood's birthday. This means I'll never be able to have a proper life. The time I was almost without boys. So I could be in a world of my own. The last years of my life will be the Navy as a guiding thought. I should be proud of being captured.

I read the other day in one of the papers that there are about 200 sailors, sailors and the men who work to get out of the service. (The exact figure on desertion isn't known because the Government is too frightened to give it). I know how all of those 200 feel - frightened and frustrated. I guess I'm really one of the lucky ones - I'm outside trying to find myself in the Underground. While they're still inside waiting. The only organisations, apart from the crutch of the Underground, helping servicemen like me is the National Council for Civil Liberties. Officially they've got to give you a lecture and tell you to give yourself up but then they try to offer you help.

The Underground can help a little more by being a little more sympathetic. If you are some sailors or sailors received the scene, don't immediately assume they are only vicious bastards. Some of them may be having severe personality crises, they may be genuinely searching for a life-style that is more fulfilling than helping to organise the destruction of mankind. Behind those windows of death there may be souls of life.

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Mozzic

AND THE REVOLUTION

When Jasha fit the bottle on Jasha the walls came tumbling down. That's the trick. The holy Ghost asking So it can be done. The way to crack a mirror or shiver a waltz is to find the right frequency and pound it. Like those strobe lights that picked up the B-rhythm of some kids dancing around in Ealing or somewhere, and threw them into epiphanic fits. T.C. knows a rat in Australia who used to make strange music sitting between two huge columns and singing into them and feeding and feeding it back and back. Finally he burst a blood vessel in his head and now he's crazy. If you sit a man with a bucket on his head and let a water tap drip onto it, he'll be

crazy within hours. The Japanese taught some Australians that. Water bath chorals to tune the savage brain, as Shakespeare noticed. Music bath always to wild the civil brain, as well, as Erik Kapferberg pointed out. It is partly a matter of the mode of the music, but then as well something to do with the man the music enters in. He that has ears to hear, let him hear. The bell tolling as the desert makes no sound.

What then is the mode of revolutionary music in October 1967? And who's it for? Mick Farren is right to agonize over the superficiality of the rock revolution. The underground is falsely complacent, living on an exaggerated notion of its own importance and effectiveness, which Mick Farren tirelessly debunks and derides. He looks back with furious nostalgia at the time when ugly, desperate, grinding songs were million sellers. When cheap-girls, mechanics, storemen, parkers, golfers, wharf laborers and their gals, found dignity, lust and anger in the music of rock. It is painful to hear the skinheads saying as they look over the crowds past the enclosure where the beautiful people hunk in a cloud of Mick Jagger's spittle. "Well, the Stones are one of us, aren't?" Exposure drugs, more expensive butterflies, dead rats, Baby Jane Holzer's dolls, no, baby, the Stones are not one of you. By Margaret Faithfull's sacred Mass but they are not one of you. They are being posterized from you by the Underground's favourite weapons, the poor old phoney Hell's Angels. In the official souvenir of that concert there is a photograph of the group's enclosure backstage, which features, in filthy yellow



plush trousers, blue vest, class, and dilly bag, the underground impersonates himself. The expression on his face sums up the whole blind alley of revolutionary music: "Why isn't it working? These hot eyes are crying 'What the fuck happened!'"

Why did Mick Jagger not tell those quarter of a million people to take over the city? Why did they behave so well and pick up all their garbage? They were celebrating their ingratiation, basking the underground. They showed the parent-generation how they were groovy and loving and co-operative. Mick Farren knew that that was not how it was. The phenomenon had been contained. No one need be afraid of the Rolling Stones any more. They couldn't



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The photographable illustrations from "Victorian as a Sexual Theme" of the verisimilitude of positions possible in sexual intercourse combined in this book are proof by included human models, together, this book called a book "Victorian as a Sexual Theme" to the most intimate and enlightening material ever to be published in this country. It is a book to be read by all.

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THE BEATLES Come Together

On several occasions I thought this the greatest idea led by the Beatles had at last begun to show in their work, that they lacked new experience and stimulation and consequently had few new material or lyrical ideas. Paid at home with Linda and Mary watching the box, John and Yoko watching *Top Of The Pops* on telly in the back of their white Rolls with black glass as it cruised down Soho Now on an icy to Ascot, Ringo the happy family man and George strangely apart by his bar, adventure about his friends but nothing Mary Krishna. But the more you play *Abbey Road* the better it becomes, that is often the case with Beatles material but this time its more to the same with their casual activity. To many people very little has happened since *Sgt Pepper*. *Magical Mystery Tour* wasn't issued as an album here and The Beatles seemed disappointed and patchy - but *Sgt Pepper* was a long time ago and in fact *SGT PEPPER IS DEAD!* The Beatles, however, are not and have been doing a crack of things.

John and Yoko released "Two Virgins" (Spector 2), "Life With The Lions" (Zapple 10) and formed The Plastic Ono Band, recording "Give Peace A Chance" (Apple 11) in a hotel room in Montreal. John joined with Paul to record "The Ballad Of John and Yoko" (EMI R 3788) without the others.

Paul's working on another album with Mary McKenna after producing "Fortified" (Spector 5) but it's not all in the studio bag if you get out the new Steve Miller Band album "Dave New World" and play the last track "My Dark Horse" you'll hear him very much on base and so tight on drums the sound almost goes up in your ears. He is credited under his real name (1970's) Manner Town-west style name Paul Ramon Newman to say its the best track on the album.

George has been hard at it with "Wonderful" (Spector 1) and "Electronic Sound" (Zapple 12) and in production he did John Lennon's "The Two Of Us" (Spector 5) but he also plays on, along with Paul and Ringo and the more recent Billy Preston album "There's The Way God Planned It" (Spector 5). He produced and plays bass on "Hiro Krishna Murthy" and is credited to be "L'Angelo Robinson playing rhythm guitar on 'The Bridge' which he also co-wrote. This little recording set is found on "Goodbye (Gimme)" (A&M 30 7002) and is very pretty.

Ringo's been into films and has recording plans which he told I can't reveal, but he has been getting interested in country and Western music of late - check out his tracks on *The Beatles* and *Abbey Road*.

They made the "Get Back" film and album (now scheduled for January release) but got so fed up with it that they couldn't finish it. Some of the new ones "Maxwell's Silver Hammer", "Oh Darling" and "The Centre In Through The Bathroom Window" were taken from the Twickenham sound track and re-recorded for the "Abbey Road" album. I heard an early take of "She Came In Through The Bathroom Window" back in May. It was of the 97 of the Nagas Rock and the "Get Back" album. The sound of a Beatles material is nothing, it's all the same.

There is a certain amount of material that in the one done with Charlie Parker material, it will take up several hundred albums. The Beatles have moved on again. From the lab rock metaphors to psychedelia and musical complexity and now a paring down to a more simple music, not a return but a progression.

ABBEY ROAD

The stereo photographs by Jim Macmillan, who did their first album cover, represent the album perfectly. The photos show the Beatles happily back at the EMI Abbey Road studios, after a brief detestation with Kingway and Thelma studios they've gone back to where "Rubber Soul" and "Sgt Pepper" were made on old 4-track equipment. Now EMI has its tracks and The Beatles make engineers, one of the world's best, Geoff Emerick is there and so is Ringo George Martin and all. Its like a British Coney Con film, Abbey Road itself with gentle trees and late Victorian mansions, the studio built of historic modern. All under a sky.

It's back British Rock. The Beatles at their worst being better than anything that ever came out of San Francisco and this being much better than that. They combine East Coast Rock with British Cynical music. There's much contrast, of high and a few low but not many and they're still good. You can even hear it in the way and when they're back in the way (remember them). I imagine you have this album by now so we won't describe each track, just some of them.

The album opens with John's rocker "Come Together". The title is the slogan of Jim Lowry's newspaper but as John says "Obviously (he isn't) a good campaign song, so I'll write him another one. This one just seemed out to be a funky bit of rock". Its simple and good and may be the backbone of "Something" when its issued in The States as a single, as John on later in it without John. So, here the title "Come Together" is by George. It represents the full maturity of George as a song writer (no matter what Tony Palmer says). It is pretty song and will last a long time, its also not underground music much. Paul includes "Maxwell's Silver Hammer", a complex ballad, which fairly sits but particularly stylized often with references (both direct and indirect) to previous hits. The reference to psychiatry concerns Alfred Jury's science of the exceptional. Paul's interest dates back three or four years but he isn't a member. The only British pop group holding any patents is the Beatles and the music which holds the *On the Air* is made. This track is a perfect example of Paul's combination of American Rock with British brass band music (he produced The Black Dyke Mills Band if you remember). Ringo's "Octopus's Garden" turns the music brass band, it's a classic, this time combining this with country and with Beatles high harmony backings. Look out for these as they are absolutely perfect! The two heavy numbers on side one are "Oh Darling" and "I Want You" which show the Beatles can be better than everyone else and that they can do it and I'm not sure.

and "I Want You" in Paul's first up with heavy brass album in a pile of that is nothing could be heavier and yet they don't resort to distortion and feedback. In fact they include some really subtle and delicate passages.

Side Two *Abbey Road* consists largely of the medley Paul assembled but includes fragments of mid-period Lennon Rock like "Mean Mr. Mustard" and "Polythene Pam" the latter of which has lovely English lyrics. "She's the kind of Girl that makes the News Of The World" etc. The whole is an example of harmony, colour and texture ("Encore" and "The Sun King"), very complex in tone and mood change, meaningful words throughout most in the language of music and musical images and what counts on the album (and on future ones) is the price, an excellent Beatlesque "each of The Beat" but others are very person as Paul's "You Never Give Me Your Money" which is nicely dedicated to Allen Klein. "You just give me your funny money". The Beatles are nothing a whole new musical language apart. The Beatles don't matter, they're just here and there, often from schoolboys. "I'm a boy, all good children go to heaven" or the traditional words to "Golden Slumbers" which are sung (with a very different tone) in former school. The music with these two pieces is some of the most beautiful on record, particularly "Let It Be" "I'm a boy" section where the music is done with extreme care and sensitivity.

Throughout the side there are flashbacks to previous tracks, "You Never Give Me Your Money" and also references to previous Beatles records "Monday's On The Floor" to "Yesterday". The Beatles are wrapping it up, promising in a new simplicity (synthesis) but a new complexity (analysis) and between them creating a new high in British pop. "You Never Give Me..."

It is more complex in its editing (which tips playing and reading) than what is called "Sgt Pepper". It makes one think of the Beatles as The Stones' backbeat on "Rocky Top" (Spector 5) I thought that we only had two top groups anymore (Stones and Who) and the Beatles have moved ahead and on and on.

Things have changed. John and Paul haven't written together for two years and the musical identity of each member of the group is becoming more and more obvious in the group albums. I started John and some of these poems.

ON WRITING

John: We haven't written together for two years except to help if someone needs a line or two. Myself and this effort you're playing together.

John: It doesn't make any odds who writes the lyrics. The Beatles prefer that makes it all Beatles music. It's a long time since we've sat down and written together for many reasons. We used to write together mainly on tour and that wasn't a valid reason for it, but it got this sort of "Come round to our house and we'll write some songs" and it's not a valid reason.



Miles: How do you find the songs change each time you record them?

John: Oh. Yeah. I mean they can change completely unless you've got a specific idea of exactly how you want the song to go. The whole thing can change completely at the session, just a slight change can alter it. "Come Together" changed at the session, you know you sort of do it the way you write it, embarrassingly, because you know that that isn't the answer. Then we thought, "Let's slow it down, let's do that to it, let's do that to it..." and it ends up however it comes out.

Miles: Do you still go to a studio without such idea of how it will finally sound?

John: Yeah. You have a "fix" for "Come Together" a just and to "em, "Look I've got no arrangements for you, but you know how I want it you know, commmmmmmm, yeahhhhhhh, and like that" and they play like that. I think that's partly because we've played together a long time so I can say, "Give me this. Give me something funky" and I can't hear maybe and they all just go in.

Whoever sings a Beatles song is the one who wrote it. If they all sing as on "Georgian Garden" where the best voice is Ringo and the rest provide harmony then Ringo wrote it and they helped with the arrangement. There is, however, the writing itself which seems to be a particular quality known as Beatitudes.

BEATITUDE

Miles: You all seem to play in different areas on this album, Dave's a very wide range of parts.

John: Well... I do what I like and Paul does what he likes and George too... we just divide the album time up between ourselves. It's more apparent on the double album, but it's always been that really. The collaboration music is what we call pure Beatles, maybe like "It's Getting Better" and things like that, where we're all writing it and we're all around it from start to finish.

Miles: The number of new things you've been doing don't seem to have gone out of many new artists for years.

John: Well, what's there to sing about? On the album I sing about Mea Maxima Merced and Polythene Fun, but there are untold tales of crap I wrote in India. When I get down to it I'm only interested in Yoko and Paul so I can sing about their eyes and again, as only like I'm going through my love period at a moment. That's all going to pass that day. So a pass, go into it, get out that way. Maybe I'm doing that, and I'll do that till I get tired, I've always been "Mr. Lee" any time of day and these songs... But when I get down to it I like inner music. I like back to back or whatever you call it, so what I say like this even idea. On "24 Hours" they originally had "I Want You" lyrics. "I Want You" that's so busy, that's all right, you know, but to me there's a damn sight better than "Hurry" or "Hurry Hurry". Because because he possesses to do it. I want to write songs with no words in the word, then maybe that's Yoko's influence. But when it gets down to it, Ringo-Ringo-Ringo, that's what I'm getting down to. I mean when I'm doing songs with John, Dylan was always writing "Listen to the words, right, and I'll say, 'I can't be bothered.' I know in the word of a, the word of the overall thing. That I agreed that and shared to be a words man. I naturally play with words anyway. I made a conscious effort to be words a la Dylan or whatever it is. Now I've turned myself off and written and I'm only interested in Paul and John.

Miles: What's your concept of pure Beatles John? If I want to sound like "Come Together" and "I Want You" all the time, which I do, always do. You know, "These Man Lyrics", whatever it is, I wanted to be THAT GUY. And Paul wanted to be whoever it is he wants to be... whenever we all combine and do it, that's what we were finally making.

Miles: You no longer have a group identity John? But we never did? It was just whoever was pushing the limits of the bag at the time. I mean, we often all pushed at the same point, but it was never "This is the way we're going". At all as we're concerned this album is more Beatles than the Beatles double album, because that was just as strong "This is my song and we do it this way, and this is your song and do it that way".

Miles: How do you conceive of an album? Do you have a great feeling of material to release?

John: We've got a lot of songs. The three of us write the most of it. Trying to do the three guys' words onto one album, it's pretty hard, then why we did a double album, we have so much stuff. But it's hard to bring our double album of the time, it takes a long time, so we'll probably outfit them on other things like Plastic Ono. We'll split 'em off like that because it's like being consigned with... all the material. We don't have conceptions of albums. I think Paul has conceptions of albums or attempts at. Like he conceived the medley thing. I'm not interested in conceptions of albums or making it into a show. I like it to be whatever happens. For me I'd just put fourteen Rock songs on.

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